

# The Evening World

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.  
Published Daily Except Sunday by The Press Publishing Company, Nos. 55 to 57 Park Row, New York.  
Ralph Pulitzer, President, 43 Park Row.  
J. Angus Shaw, Treasurer, 55 Park Row.  
Joseph Pulitzer, Jr., Secretary, 63 Park Row.  
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.  
Subscription Rates: The Evening World for England and the Continent and for the United States All Countries in the International Postal Union.  
One Year.....\$3.50 One Month.....\$0.75  
One Month.....\$0.30 One Month.....\$0.15  
VOLUME 55.....NO. 19,408

## OUT-FIGURING ARITHMETIC.

IN ITS preliminary report to the up-State Public Service Commission on the investment and earnings of telephone property in this city, the New York Telephone Company has fairly out-figured arithmetic.

The company declares its net earnings for the year 1914 equal to only 7.1-3 per cent. on the capital invested in city service. It protests that it loses money on low telephone charges in up-State cities. Yet it pays 8 per cent. dividends. How?

In its valuation of telephone property in this city it includes two "intangibles":

Intangible No. 1. Special Franchise.....\$39,000,000  
Intangible No. 2. Going concern value at least.....13,400,000

As The Evening World has pointed out, Intangible No. 1 was the gift of the public—permission to the company to use the streets which belong to the public. Why should the public be expected to pay interest on what it already owns?

Intangible No. 2 is a vague guess at the value of the company's good will. It needs careful correction.

These two "intangibles," representing 40 per cent. of the total valuation, become handily real and solid when it is a question of swelling the apparent capital upon which the public must pay interest in the shape of high toll charges.

With these two items eliminated the real property value amounts by the company's own reckoning to \$84,952,044. Upon this basis the company's net earnings represent a return of 12 per cent. on capital invested.

Six and eight per cent. have been repeatedly fixed by the courts as a fair and reasonable return on the invested capital of corporations engaged in public service.

The New York Telephone Company has figured itself into a false position, where it reveals only desperate determination to stave off as long as possible the day when it will be forced to give New York telephone users the rates to which they are by every law of justice and sound business entitled.

We hear that whenever John D. Rockefeller entertains a friend just now he gives the guest a paper vest with kindly advice on how to keep warm.

Mr. Rockefeller has of late years lavished advice on young and old. If he is adding paper waistcoats it is a beautiful sign that his affections are mellowed than ever and his thoughtfulness unimpaired.

How interesting it would be to know if it is really paper coverings that have kept Mr. Rockefeller's own heart so soft and warm all these years! And should the paper be thick and brown, or crisp and green?

## "A PRODUCT OF CONDITIONS."

THE confessions of "Dopey Benny," gunman and gang leader, now in the Tombs under indictment for extortion, no doubt need corroboration as to detail. But it is safe to say they present a reliable picture of the gangster as "a product of New York conditions."

That is what "Dopey Benny" says he is. His story of how he gathered around him a band of east side youths ready to do whatever he bade them, how he was soon sought out by men who wanted to use stealthy weapons against business rivals, how presently labor leaders employed him with regular pay to arrange attacks on strike-breakers—is an all too probable parallel to dozens of similar careers on record.

Even though "Dopey Benny" tells only half the truth, he can furnish data enough to keep the detectives busy for weeks. He is the most notorious gang captain left. If he really "squeals" it can be turned greatly to the advantage of law and order in New York.

Though it has grown to be a fair-sized town, New York can still do rural stunts on occasion. A big black bull careered up an avenue in the middle of Manhattan, pursued by eight automobiles, ten policemen and a dozen cattle herders, is a re-treading pastoral spectacle far more appreciated than it would be in the West.

The same day the bull broke loose the manager of a New York hotel found four ducks waddling around the bathroom assigned to a couple of women guests from Maine. The ladies were fond of ducks' eggs and had to have them fresh.

Such things delight New Yorkers. They like to be convinced over and over again that anything and everything is possible in New York.

## Letters From the People

Alcohol Traders, Ahoy!

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
What chemists, doctors, etc., among your readers can settle the following very interesting dispute? A claims that bread made with compressed yeast contains alcohol; B claims that yeast is free from alcohol while the bread is baking. A claims that tea, coffee and cocoa are fermented and contain a small portion of alcohol; B claims that tea, coffee and cocoa are absolutely free from alcohol, and that alcohol couldn't be in a dry powder like cocoa. A also claims molasses contains alcohol; B says molasses is free from alcohol. A claims much of the fruit we eat is soaked in alcohol to prevent decay; B says no. The answers should interest many.  
J.

Wednesday. 33

To the Editor of The Evening World:

On what day of the year was July 28, 1897?  
T. P. G.

In The World Almanac.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Where can I find a list of the yearly salaries of the following: President, Vice-President, Secretary and Senators of the United States, and of Ambassadors, Aldermen, Congressmen,

Sheriffs, Deputy Sheriffs, Judges of Municipal Court, Supreme Court, Supreme Court of the United States?  
EMANUEL B.

Warm Hats on Warm Days.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I would like to make a protest against wearing felt hats during the warm weather we often have in autumn. On Sept. 15 we were forced to bow to custom like a lot of fools and discard our straw hats. A person should not be molested or gazed whether he wears a straw or a felt hat. The seasons are often late. It was cool last June and July, with the exception of a few days. And I think the owners of resorts at the beaches and in the country might find it to their advantage if they opened their season a month later and closed a month earlier.  
M. E. F.

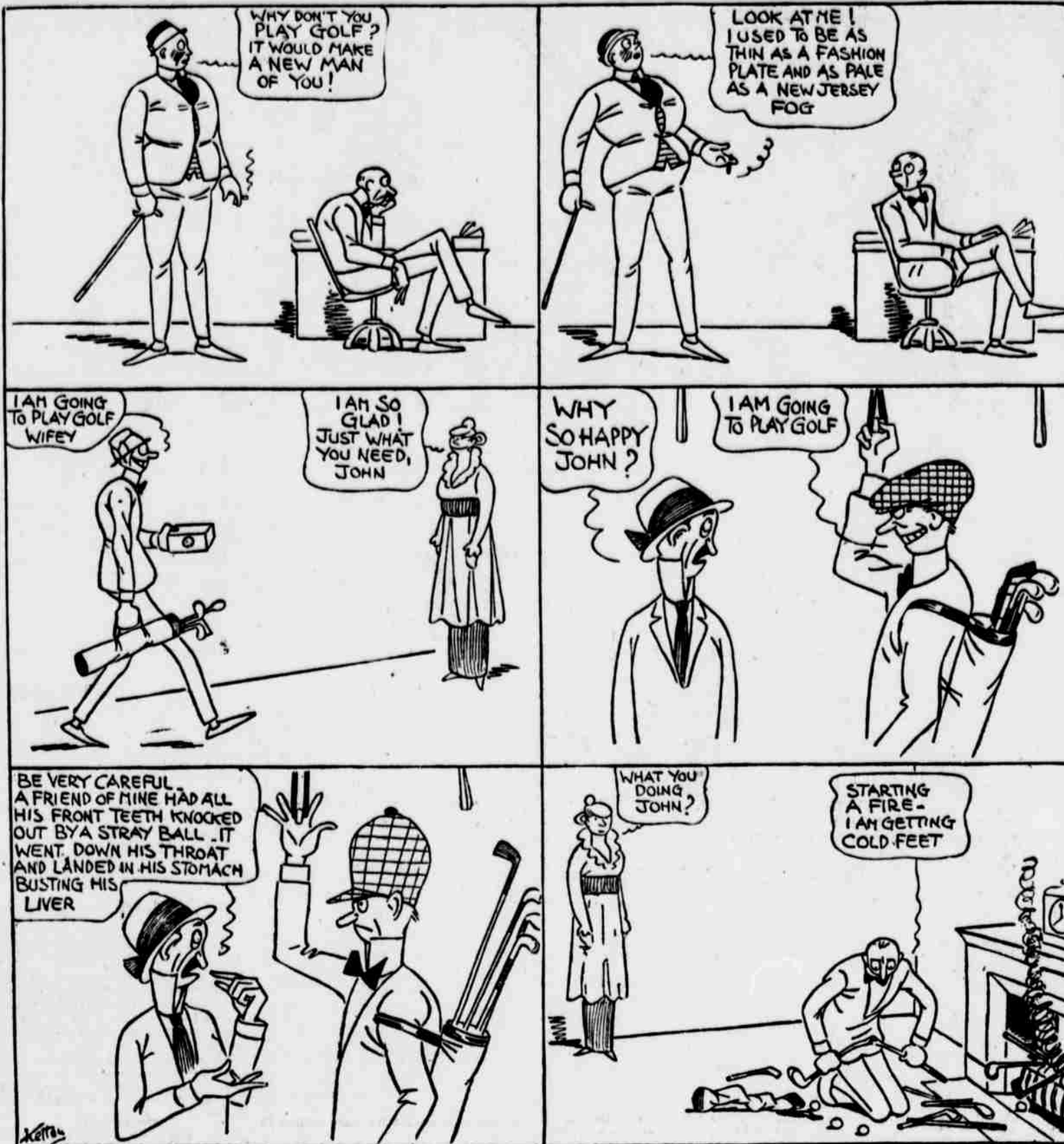
A Percentage Query.

A says if you buy something for \$12 and sell it for \$24 you gain 100 per cent.; B says if you buy something for \$12 and sell it for \$24 you gain 50 per cent. Which is correct? Are not percentages of profit gained and gain per cent. exactly the same in meaning? Who will explain briefly?  
D. E. S.

# Such Is Life!

Copyright, 1914, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World)

By Maurice Ketten



## The Week's Wash

Copyright, 1914, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World)

By Martin Green



"A LOT of people tell me," said the head polisher, "that they are getting tired of the war."  
"Do u bless," said the laundry man, "but they aren't as tired as the Germans and French and English are. Americans are not really tired of the war. They are tired of reading about the same old series of actions day after day."  
"But let some new development occur—some victory for either side of a decisive nature—and you'll see the very people who say they are tired of the conflict perusing every Extra they can get their hands on. It is utterly impossible for a normal person to lose interest in a real war. But the mind soon becomes accustomed to monotony. People who live in regions where earthquakes are frequent take them, when they come, as a matter of course."  
"One thing about the slow retirement of the German right wing has been of advantage to mankind in general. It has given people a chance to think about the foolishness of such a conflict."  
"That kind of warfare doesn't appeal to the imagination. There is no dash to it, no picturesque element."  
"The German submarine that sank three cruisers overshadowed the millions of men engaged in land fighting. The bombardment of the cathedral at Rheims pushed news of the killing and maiming of men from the front rank of display. The enormous fatalities now appear to be part of the conflict, and not until the war is over and the totals have been counted up will mankind in general proceed to act on the impression that is being unconsciously absorbed during these days."  
"However, the lesson, whatever it may be, cannot last longer than through a couple of generations. For fifty years from now all who are interested in this war will have passed away; and a new generation."

With new ideals and ambitions will have possession of the earth. War endures because mankind learns only by experience, and the experienced must die to be succeeded by those who will not be satisfied until they, too, have had experience.  
New Police Jobs.  
"WHAT do you think about the proposition to have the police force light the street lights every evening and put them out in the morning?" asked the head polisher.  
"Excellent," replied the laundry man, "but it doesn't go far enough. Here in New York we have more than 10,000 policemen. Much of the time they aren't doing a thing but standing around swinging their clubs and preserving the peace."  
"Why not make each policeman keep his best clean? Then we could do away with the Street Cleaning Department. The policemen might also be instructed to test all the scales and measures in the stores on their beats. In that way the Bureau of Weights and Measures could be abolished. And the firemen who sit around fire houses most of the time might be engaged in washing their own bedclothes and knitting tidies for the almshouse and making jamas for the inmates of the penitentiary. This efficiency business is hot stuff, but it ought to be played clear through."

## Chapters From a Woman's Life

By Dale Drummond

Copyright, 1914, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World)

"Yes, she never cared much for society. But she's a dear for all that." Then Gertrude added, "I don't think either of us ever quite appreciated Nell."  
"Oh, I don't know. She could be disagreeable on occasion, as well as the rest of us. Many's the lecture she's given me because she thought I was extravagant."  
"But you were, and are, horribly extravagant, and you know it! I used to be too, but you could always go on one better, Sue."  
I spent a long, lonely evening and a stupid Sunday. No messages came for Jack. In fact, the telephone only rang once, and that was from Mrs. Holman, asking me over.  
I knew from Harry and Fanny that I was obliged to make so many excuses for Jack's absence.  
"Where's the boss?" Harry asked as she came in.  
"He had to go out a while and I was lonely," I told him.  
I know from Harry's expression that he did not believe me! But I could think of nothing else to say. "I'm glad you asked us," Fanny said. "We were bored each other to death."  
"What else Jack lately?" Harry inquired. "He doesn't act a bit like himself. I don't believe he is well. Perhaps he is working too hard."  
"I don't think so, not just now," I answered. "He did overdo a while back, and doesn't seem to get ragged. Think one reason we have stopped going out is that he's been so much for a while."  
"I think you're wise. But he'd better take care of himself or he'll have a breakdown. The boys were talking about it over at the club last night. By the way, what's the reason you weren't over?"  
"Oh, I—I had a headache," I replied, stammering. Harry's face was red. "That was too bad. Everybody was there. That was quite a dance. Those new fangled dances. Fanny could do them, but I couldn't, and she proposed we have a teacher come down here and give us a few lessons. Perhaps you and Jack would join us?"  
"I should like it of all things," I returned enthusiastically. "Several times lately I have been afraid to dance because of the many new steps."  
"It's all settled then that you join us in the lessons?" Fanny asked.  
"Yes, unless Jack objects, and I don't believe he will."  
(To Be Continued)

What Did He Miss?  
"I SEE," said the head polisher, "that Charles F. Murphy says he is going to confine his attention exclusively to Manhattan in the future."  
"Gee!" said the laundry man, "he must have been overlooking something."

## "The Fine Art of Flattery."

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

Copyright, 1914, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World)

ARE you a follower of the fine art of flattery—the artificial flowers of existence?  
A woman came to me, weeping, the other day. She told me the pitiful story of her daughter, the overbearing receiver of such artificial bouquets.  
"I can do nothing with her," wailed the mother. "Her head is turned, she thinks that everybody should know to her. She has lost all sense of duty. She has a few attractions and she has MAGNIFIED them beyond all proportion."  
"She is simply spoiled by flattery. There is hardly any living with her any more. She does just as she pleases. The advice of her flatterers seems more important than the advice of her mother, because she has learned to BELIEVE them. I am heart-broken."  
Truly this mother might well agree that "compliments cost nothing, yet many pay dear for them." I could not help considering that here is a real problem, almost amounting to a disease, which should by some means be checked early. Some vaccine of truth should be used in time to ward off the ravages of false insincerity, which get into the systems not only of daughters, but of sons as well.  
What family has not suffered from the concealed member, the unbearable "ago" individual, who has been gathering such artificial bouquets, and has stored them in his brain until he hasn't room for anything else? Sometimes such a person can be



SOPHIE IRENE LOEB

# WHAT EVERY WOMAN THINKS.

BY HELEN ROWLAND.

Copyright, 1914, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World)

As to Exchanging "Old Flames for New."

"EVER meet an old flame, after—afterward?" inquired the Widow pensively, leaning forward with one tulle-draped arm on her chair, and her tilted chin cupped in her palm.  
"And wished you hadn't?" added the Bachelor reminiscently.  
"Haden't what?" demanded the Widow, with her eyes still on the fire.  
"Flirted with him—or met him again?"  
"Both," replied the Bachelor promptly. "And also, thanked Heaven you hadn't married him—or her! 'Old flames' look so different when the fire has died out."  
"Different," agreed the Widow, "and so much nicer! You get quite another angle on them—a perfectly fresh viewpoint that makes them look just like new. And as to having married them or not: sometimes I think that if you could put all your old flames into a bag and shake them up, and then draw one, blindfolded, you'd be just as lucky as you are when you pick out a husband or a wife scientifically. Marriage is the one thing on earth in which human judgment always fails. Your first guess is as likely to be right as your last, and it's just as safe to choose a husband by counting the buttons on his coat, 'twice-me-me-me-me-me,' or by putting a washbone over the front door and taking the first man who walks under it, or by turning around three times and grabbing the nearest person at hand as it is to select him according to a book of rules, or a eugenic commission, or a Monte Carlo 'system!'"  
You're Bound to Lose Either Way.

"YOU'RE bound to lose, anyhow!" grinned the Bachelor cynically.  
"For instance," pursued the Widow, "a young, unsophisticated girl knows exactly what kind of man she wants to marry—or thinks she does—and she just pitches in pell-mell to find that ideal; and, nine times out of ten, gets a fairly acceptable husband. But a widow or a divorcee knows ALL the kinds of men she doesn't want to marry, and picks out a husband by the careful process of elimination—and, nine times out of ten, gets 'stung.' But to return to 'old flames'—does it harrow you to speak of them, Mr. Weatherby?"  
"Oh—no, no, no. Not at all!" the Bachelor hastened to assure her, as he nervously lighted a cigarette. "Only—why talk of the dead when we might be talking of your eyes, or that wonderful gown you are wearing, or of how well I am looking, or—"  
"Oh, pshaw!" broke in the Widow petulantly. "Men have no sentiment! Their hearts are like family pride—they can be bent, but never broken. That's why their past loves are all quite past. But a woman just loves to have her heart 'broken.' It gives her something interesting to think about for the rest of her life. She enjoys lingering tenderly around the tomb of a dead love!"  
"And resurrecting the CORPSE!" groaned the Bachelor with a shudder.  
"Yes, and sometimes making a good friend of him!" declared the Widow emphatically. "There is nothing like an 'old flame' for starting a brand new friendship of the finest, most ideal kind. That is the only case in which platonic friendship is possible—between 'old flames.'"  
"When all the sentiment has been used up and all the romance worn off. Ugh!" exclaimed the Bachelor.

The Winter Overcoat of Friendship.  
"EXACTLY," agreed the Widow. "THEN a woman gets down to a man's real nature and sees him as he is, and often discovers that he's infinitely finer and better than she seemed or pretended to be. Men only show the cheap, tawdry side of their nature to the women they flirt with and dance with and talk nonsense to; and that's all right for a summer afternoon. But on a cold winter morning of life, when the winds of Fate are blowing against you, give me the FRIENDSHIP of an old flame!"  
"And have his wife sue you for alienation of his affections!" scoffed the Bachelor. "It's all very well to sentimentalize about old flames, but most of them are—well, and are ALL of them are—em-barrasing, and remind you of what a blooming fool you once were. Do you remember this? And don't you remember that? And of course you DON'T—if you're a man. Women have such deuced inconvenient memories." And the Bachelor sighed bitterly.  
"And men haven't any at all!" sighed the Widow. "Or at least their memories are trained like good dogs to lie down and go to sleep forever. A woman will remember the very dress she had on when a certain man first called on her, the song she sang for him, the way she used to do her hair, and the way he used to—"

Where the Error is Scored.  
"HOLD her hand!" laughed the Bachelor. "And that's where she makes her fatal mistake. She always tries to stir up the ashes, and awaken his memories."  
"When she should be soothing his fears," broke in the Widow, "and proving to him that although he still holds a little cozy corner in her heart, she isn't going to be sentimental about it. Then he can blossom out, and be more delightful, and more natural than he was in the original. Isn't that so? Do you remember this? And don't you remember that? And of course you DON'T—if you're a man. Women have such deuced inconvenient memories." And the Bachelor sighed bitterly.  
"And men haven't any at all!" sighed the Widow. "Or at least their memories are trained like good dogs to lie down and go to sleep forever. A woman will remember the very dress she had on when a certain man first called on her, the song she sang for him, the way she used to do her hair, and the way he used to—"

"Wear Cottons!"  
THE call of the south is: "Buy our cotton!" and nowhere in our country is the stress of the war more keenly felt than by our cotton planters. Their need is great, and our women are gladly responding to their call. From several of our cities we hear that the fashionable set is arranging "Cotton Fashion Shows." At these gatherings the women are attired in cotton frocks, and the models that constitute the show are so irresistible that they are quickly disposed of. The Red Cross Society is ennobled by the proceeds and the cotton industry of the south is being stimulated.  
A cotton dress nowadays does not necessarily mean a cheap frock. Some of our most attractive and beautiful dresses are made of cotton weaves. Probably the crepes can justly be called the leaders in cotton, and very pretty are some of the newest samples, especially the white embroidered varieties.  
Right here I might mention that white fabrics, which have been steady favorites for the past season, will be undoubtedly the leading color by spring; the inability to secure dyes makes this imminent. The white embroidered crepes are particularly pretty as dance frocks and will be much worn this season. Then there are the practical voices. These will continue to hold their strong position in fashionable fabrics, and especially lend themselves to coming styles. Pretty patterns for fall and winter wear are in plaids and stripes.  
Sateens have again come to the fore. We all remember the exquisite French sateens that require close scrutiny to distinguish them from silk. The present domestic output is quite as excellent, and as some of our best dressers have appeared in the new sateens at recent fashionable gatherings, it is safe to predict their popularity for a year to come, anyway.  
Cotton gabardine is a new fabric that is finding favor. The society women who have pledged themselves to boom the cotton movement are wearing suits of this material, and very smart suits they are.  
In sheer cotton weavers the crisp organdies and swisses are the favorites, and many a debutante will appear this winter with a dainty ruffled dress of domestic organdy instead of the imported gown of velvet or satin. The war has given an impetus to our American manufacturers to produce their best results, and in consequence there are beautiful cotton fabrics that are a delight to the good dresser and make it possible for her to appear on all occasions in a costume that bears the label: Made in America.

power in the world at large, and then the suffering that is caused all around is often worse than real physical illness.  
You all know him. He is, perhaps, right among you. Flattery is poison; it should be guarded against, and stopped in its growth before it becomes rooted too strongly. I wonder if the recipient of guided words ever stops to realize how easily the gift tongue keeps wagging, and that it delivers the same dross into many other willing ears.  
The old adage that "flattery is the food of fools" has not yet lost its wisdom, and the "flatterers" often make us so stupidly that the old Grecian philosopher worded so well: "It is better to fall amongst crows than amongst flatterers; for the former will until we are dead, while the latter eat us alive."  
The willing victims are legion. If the susceptible daughter mentioned above (and there are so many of her) will just realize that the most beautiful bunch of artificial flowers is worth infinitely less than just one little genuine natural bloom, she will ask herself and those about her more than she can estimate.  
Close your ears to it, my dear! Flattery may give you momentary thrills, but the ill that follow prove disastrous indeed. If you want to recognize a flatterer, flatterer you see so. The trouble is that you take him so SERIOUSLY that you make yourself believe you are many things that you are not, and that you are not what you are.  
It is easy to separate the chaff from the wheat if you want to do it. Just use your brains as well as your ears. DISMISSE FLATTERY! ALWAYS BE BEAUTY MORE BEAUTIFUL.  
Besides, flattery doesn't pay. After the flatterer has done his worst you show the effects of flattery every minute. You are RECOGNIZED. You bear the label "silly," "unreliable," "brainless," "foolish," "unreliable." Believe in your own worth! But take to heart only the natural GENUINE buds and develop them.